THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

"Genius——————
Disdains the paths that common footsteps tread,
But breathes the spirit of the mountain head:
It flies through scenes unvisited before,
Exhausts this world and then imagines more."
LYNN.

There are perhaps no ſubjects which have been more elucidated than the nature and effects of Genius. The pen of the Poet and of the Hiſtorian have both endeavoured to point to its indications. And its effects have been frequently diſplayed in the histories of thoſe who have acted a conſpicuous part among their contemporaries. Certainly none who have been thus employed have a juſter claim to Truth's fair laurel, than thoſe who have drank at the Heſperian fountain, and are themſelves "tremblingly alive" to every impulſe with which Genius trills their feelings. And of theſe we cannot ſay that we have to boaſt *but a few.*

It has been obſerved, that on a review of the lives of moſt men who have ſurpaſſed the reſt of the world in the luſtre of their abilities, they uniformly exhibit pictures of miſery or extravagance. The wild eccentricities into which they run, render them objects of pity rather than admiration.—They excite wonder, but not applauſe.—For their conceptions are ſtrong, and in purſuing them, they reſign their conduct to the guidance of Reaſon. But Reaſon, unaſſiſted by ſuperior direction, we find to be an unſkilful pilot, and that ſhe frequently leaves her votaries on rocks and ſhoals.—Her taſte lops the excrecencies of invention, and makes majeſty more beautiful by improving its form, ſo ought Religion to reſtrain the exceſſes of Genius, and render it amiable by giving it a different direction from what its native force and inclination would impel it. The "Lives of the Poets," by the celebrated Dr. Johnſon, find readers every where, and ſeldom fail to pleaſe—perhaps I may ſay to delight. Yet, if I may judge from my own ſenſations, there is but a few, whom, after a peruſal of their narratives, fame would prompt to ſigh for the wreath of the Poet, for they would find that want and care, "deſire and hate" muſt be entwined in its foliage, and that it ſeldom is decorated with thoſe fair and odorous flowers which form

"Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe."

The object of this eſſay is not a definition of Genius, nor has the writer any wiſh to trace this charming and powerful faculty in its various mazes, or on the contrary to aſk how it may be known. The preceding reflections have ariſen on the peruſal of the life of Emin an Aſiatic, which excited in me a mingled ſenſation of admiration and regret, and on which I took up my pen with the intention of making a few reflections.

Emin was a native of Perſia, born at Harmadin, and of Armenian parents.—Very early in life, fortune ſeems to have marked him for an object on which to exerciſe her waywardneſs. For from the cradle he was expoſed to uncommon misfortunes. Change and calamity left him even then no ſettlement. His family ruined, and himſelf preyed on by diſaſters, he followed his father in his boyiſh years to Calcutta. Here his youthful fancy was ſoon impreſſed with the new objects that preſented themſelves. A race of men, different in manners, in appearance, and in diſpoſition, from thoſe with whom he had ſpent his infancy, ſtrongly attracted the attention of young Emin. He could not but obſerve their greater progreſs in civilization and refinement. Their arts and acquiſitions amazed, charmed him; and urged him with invincible ardour to attain the ſame perfection. To gratify this paſſion he determined on a voyage to England, where learning flouriſhed more vigorouſly, and where he ſuppoſed fewer difficulties, would oppoſe his inveſtigation of its branches. In this ſcheme however he had to encounter his father's diſapprobation. His reluctant aſſent he at length obtained, and as his finances were inſufficient to give him material aid in this project, he formed the only plan of effecting it by working his paſſage as a common ſailor on board an Indiaman. Thus he embarked for the Britiſh ſhores, and when arrived there, he immediately ſet himſelf in purſuit of the object which had induced him to leave Hindoſtan. Knowledge was the diamond which he wiſhed to obtain, and knowledge was inceſſantly ſparkling to his eager view. Here he found himſelf fettered. His means were ſmall, and greatly diſproportionate to the end of attainment. He could hope but for a ſhort purſuit of it. That baleful meteor which glared on his birth, seemed now increaſingly to flit around him with its livid corruſcations, and to bound his view in ghaſtly flaſhes.

In this ſituation what did Emin? did he relinquiſh his hopes? or reſign himſelf to appearances—a victim of diſpare? No! the ſtrong nerve of genius animated him, and with ſuch an impetus "difficulties vaniſhed at his touch." He ſought thoſe ſums which were neceſſary for his purpoſe by a ſubmiſſion to menial occupations, and a rigorous frame already inured to labour, procured him pittances of the Potoſian ore. But even the perſeverance of Emin was at laſt ſhrinking under continued diſcouragement, when he accidentally encountered in the Park at London, the celebrated Burke, by whoſe benevolence he was immediately noticed and afterward cheriſhed as a friend and companion. His ſubſequent introduction to the Duke of Northumberland, and afterward to ſeveral gentlemen of rank and fortune by whom his views were promoted, reanimated Emin.

The great object of this enterprizing young man, and the end to which all his labours tended, was the acquiſition of military ſkill, and a knowledge of Engliſh tactics. He had obſerved at Calcutta the ſuperiority of the Engliſh in warlike arts: and

he aſpired to their ſkill in arms with enthusiaſtic ardour. The country of his anceſtors was then in a ſtate of ſubjugation to neighbouring deſpots, and from ſervility to the Turks and Perſians he wiſhed to reſcue his countrymen.

He left England, and ſerved in the Pruſſian and Engliſh armies, in various parts of Germany. In this ſituation he became familiarized by practice to thoſe rules, which he had before known only in theory; and no doubt his ſucceſs was ſplendid, as his powers of attainment were capacious. Here he did not long remain, but procured the means of tranſporting himſelf to Armenia, where he offered his ſervices to Heraclius the reigning Prince of Georgia. From the mountains of that country that had witneſſed the birth of his anceſtors, he blew the clarion of war which had ſo long been ſilent, and endeavoured to rouſe the martial ſpirit of his countrymen. A ſecond Adolphus, "He pleads, denounces, on his country calls." But vain is his perſuaſive eloquence, his menaces fail to ſtimulate the daſtard, and his calls to action, die away with empty effect on the ear of the warrior. He poſſeſſes not the means of rewarding merit, and in deſpair he returns to England.

With the aſſiſtance of his patrons in great Britain he again undertook this viſionary project. He went to Ruſſia with all the advantages that his friends could give him, and braving danger, diſaſters, & fatigues, which in no ſmall numbers oppoſed him, he reached Tefflis, the capital of Georgia. He now found himſelf more fitted to purſue his intentions than before. But he experienced a recurrence of the ſame ſcenes to which he had then been familiarized. Still he perſevered, 'till after eight years ſpent in wanderings, in toils and diſtreſſes, amongſt the mountains of Georgia and Armenia, he abandoned his hopes and regained his paternal roof at Calcutta. Even here the fortitude of Emin did not leave him. Unintimidated by paſt experience aad dangers, he again commenced his endeavours to realize his views, and left Calcutta for the interior of Perſia. He again failed in his attempts, and from thence his expectations and wiſhes ſullenly ſunk—ſucceeded by deſpair.

Such were the incidents of the life of one endued by nature with rare and extenſive talents, and ſuch was his ſucceſs! perhaps the diſaſtrous occurrences of Emin's infancy, tended greatly to rouze that latent heat of diſpoſition and intellect, which might have ſlumbered in proſperity. Poſſeſſed, however, of an ardent mind, of bold and original genius, he would in any external ſituation have moved in the higheſt ſphere of intellectual life. The fire of his youthful fancy was kindled at the oppreſſions that his countrymen ſuffered, and he conceived it in his power to form a plan of relief for their ſufferings. With this object always in view, he ſaw and purſued the moſt direct path to attain it, and his wanderings therefrom were all for the purpoſe of acquiring aids to facilitate his progreſs. He ſurmounted the moſt ſtubborn obſtacles, and gained acceſs to the moſt difficult paſſes. In him we ſee in the firſt place the daring genius of aſpiring youth, humbled to the ſituation of a ſailor, a porter, a menial ſervant, afterward become the companion of nobles and princes, and ſtill retaining his motives of action, his purity, and his principles, added to that ſanguine hope which never deſerted him, and which appears to have been the conſequence of his integrity, his honour, his adherance to chriſtianity in which he had been educated, and a firm reliance and truſt in providence. Though humbled he was not degraded, and when raiſed to a higher ſituation, he ſtill was Emin, poſſeſſed of that nobility of mind which was not to be affected by exterior change.

It is too often the fate of ſtrong conceptions, that they exceed the poſſibility of accompliſhment, and do not take into view thoſe contingences on which hangs the ſucceſs of every enterprize. The mind preſſes forward, unfettered by matter, and frequently leaves the bodily powers behind exhauſted in the purſuit. It is alſo the melancholy end of thoſe extenſive plans which embrace in one view ſo large a portion of human good, that they rarely ſucceed. Perhaps it is ſo decreed by infinite wiſdom in order to tell us "thus far only ſhall ye go," Perhaps the love of fame, and the vanity of man are the cauſes, and that they prompt him to form ſchemes which are in themſelves unattainable by human means.

But however undetermined this may remain, we doubtleſs all too much neglect thoſe trivial circumſtances which form the moſt ſolid baſis of our happineſs. Great occurrences can ſeldom be met with, and great deſigns ſeldom uſeful to us. Happineſs is not to be obtained at a bound. The ſilent continuance of pleaſure is the moſt productive of enjoyment. And the neglect of thoſe wild extremes, and brilliant flaſhes of genius, which ſometimes produce extacy, ſometimes only dazzle, and leave the beholder in ten-fold deeper gloom, will convince us that our trueſt pleaſures are to be found in more humble walks, and that the abſence of them can not only be tolerated but rejoiced at, as they take nothing away that is really worthy of poſſeſſion and

"Leave reaſon, faith, and virtue all our own."

Q.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE SYLPH.

Heard ye Sylphs, that burſting ſigh?*
Heard ye that heart-heaving groan?
Hark! again it rends the ſky,
'Tis a tortur'd ſpirit's moan.

On your rack a poet lies,
He beneath your vengeance writhes,
Spare, ah ſpare his agonies,
'Tis envenom'd air he breathes:

Air envenom'd by *his breath*,
Poiſon'd by poetic ſpleen;—
Let him ſleep the ſleep of death,
O'er his foibles draw your ſcreen.

"Fairer hands" alas! no more
Bear the tott'ring bard along,
Nor Parnaſſian nymphs reſtore,
To his ſoul the powers of ſong.

Didſt thou PHILO think to bind,
Sylphs to meaſure's rigid rules?
Chain the active ſoaring mind,
To the precepts of the ſchools?

Thou haſt oft from meaſure ſwerv'd,
Oft on language inroads made;
As a new expreſſion ſerv'd,
Or a happier thought convey'd:

Since with all in ſpite of ſhame,
Thou haſt boldly made ſo free,
Surely ARIEL may claim,
Equal privilege with *thee*.

Bard! no more thy conſtant toil,
With ſuch eagerneſs purſue,
Thou canſt only cauſe a ſmile,
Then receive my *laſt adieu*.

Son of Hudibras,† to thee
I my grateful homage pay,
From all tinſel glitter free,
Thou haſt prov'd a genuine lay.

O'er the literary wild,
I with thee would gladly roam;
Or where native genius ſmil'd,
Seek a cheerful rural home.

For in theſe degenerate days,
Wit and Wiſdom ſeek the ſhade,
Where the ſons of folly's lays,
Ne'er their ſacred haunts invade.

Turn then from the walks of men,
Seek with me ſome peaceful vale,
Where the ſolitary glen,
Scarce admits the ſouthern gale.

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* See the laſt communication of PHILOPHEB—alias PHOSPHORUS.

† SIMON OLIVEBRANCH.

There afar from pompous folly,
From the bustling city far,
Stranger to dull melancholy,
Muse beneath eve's brilliant star.

ROLAND there should tune the lyre,
DRUID pour his "*wood notes wild*,"
CANDLE light her paly fire,
By the cheerful sounds beguil'd.

Care should never there intrude,
Sorrow ne'er infest our way,
But a peaceful solitude,
Crown the evening of our day.

LYRICUS thy *lowly* strain,
Oft has cheer'd a tedious hour;
Pour thy humble notes again,
When the shades of evening lower.

Had *presumption* mark'd thy song,
It had ne'er deserv'd my praise,
Wreathes to modest worth belong;
Cypress mingles with thy bays.

Come ye Sylphs begin your rite,
Wake again your cheerful song;
By the new moon's silv'ry light,
Dance the dewy glade along:

When you cease the choral strain,
Seek again your distant cells,
Far from Folly's wide domain,
Bid each bustling bard farewell.

—

SONG OF SYLPHS.

From your beds of sedges,
From the green hill's side,
From your rocks of choral,
From the surgy tide;
From the tow'ring mountain,
Where ye vigils keep,
From the peaceful fountain,
Where the sea nymphs sleep;
From the fields of ether,
Where the planets sail,
From the winding riv'let,
Murm'ring through the vale;
Sylphs, your queen attending,
Join our mirthful band;
Round your monarch bending,
Wait his high command.
By the check'quer'd moon-light,
Peeping through the shade,
We pursue our gambols,
By no noise betray'd.
Ears of heavy mortals
Ne'er our music hear,
They are wrapt in slumber,
While we frolic here.
When the urn of Vesper,
Sheds its fragrant store,
When the storms of winter
Howl around no more,
On our downy pinions
Through the vernal air,
We with smiling nature,
Spring's first beauties share.
Ever—ever grateful
May we still remain,
While our airy minstrels,
Swell their sweetest strain.
In the pealing anthem
Every voice shall rise,
And our simple music,
Reach the azure skies.
To the tomb of Orpheus,
Swiftly now repair,
And with sacred silence,
Cleave the yielding air,
With Spring's earliest verdure,
Deck the poet's tomb,
Bid the purple violet,
There with lilies bloom.

Away—away
The moon's pale ray
Shall light you on your distant way;
And round his tomb
Shall flowrets bloom,
Ere morning wakes the infant day.

ARIEL.

—

For the Evening Fire-side.

In this enlightened age, in which the dissemination of useful knowledge has become more general perhaps, than in any other period; and every entelligent person is inclined to found his opinions upon the sure basis of rational conviction; superstition and the absurd doctrines of necromancy and astrological skill, appear to be almost exploded. By the general prevalence of a spirit of enquiry, and the diffusion of useful learning amongst all classes of the community, the habit of reasoning, upon subjects which come within the sphere of observation, and endeavouring to account by rational inferences, for such phenomena as may occur, is naturally acquired. Hence those appearances in Nature which were once regarded as the forerunners of some dreadful event, or presaging a general dissolution, are looked upon as casual circumstances in the constant revolution of matter. The direful relation of ghastly midnight spectres, the frightful stories of the wonderful feats of witches and fortune-tellers, with which the idle and superstitious, have roused the fears and awakened the apprehensions of the ignorant and the credulous, are no longer listened to with attention; but every thinking mind is disposed to examine the probability of such relations before it affirms or denies their truth or falsehood; and to lay the foundation of its opinion on surer ground than a mere *say so*. But it is a common error in attempting the correction of abuses to run into the opposite extreme, and to err as much or more perhaps, on the other hand. It is not easy to stop at the proper point. In endeavouring to avoid the rocks of Scylla, the unskilful marriner is not unfrequently swallowed up in the gulph of Charybdis. Disgusted with the gross absurdities of superstition, many of our modern philosophers have extended their spirit of reform, until they have grown too wise to credit the most important truths. It need not then be a matter of wonder or surprise, if we find those who are sceptics in the case of dreams being indicative of some succeeding event. Though many respectable testimonies might be produced in confirmation of the fact that "the visions of the night" are often the medium of important intelligence: yet I do not mean to avail myself of any, but shall merely draw my reasoning and observations from the nature of the case. I am not about to assert that dreams in *general* are deserving of any importance being attached to them, or even a place in our waking thoughts; as it is well known that the major part of them are forgotten on the restoration of the vital functions; but would merely shew the possibility of their being sometimes "divine premonitions." We acknowledge the universal presence of the Deity, and that the vital principle, the first and ruling cause, which sets the planetary system in motion, and governs all the lesser operations of nature, is nothing short of the Divinity, which

"Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
"Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
"Lives thro' all life, extends through all extent,
"Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
"Breathes in our soul, informs our mental part,
"As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart."

It will not take much time to prove that he

"Whose right depends
"On using second means to work his ends,"

can very easily arrest those scattered ideas, which float in the head during the hours of sleep, and direct them to some valuable purpose: to awaken the conscience of the idle and the voluptuous to a sense of their condition—to rouse the lethargic sons of pleasure, and the enervated daughters of ease and opulence, to a consideration of their past folly and future misery; if a reformation and amendment in life is not sought for—to warn the infidel and unbeliever, of his egregious mistake, and consequent ruin. These purposes may be effected by the interposition of the hand of Omnipotence in our sleeping moments: and I may confess I have more than once derived instruction from impressions made in my nocturnal slumbers. Though I am far from intimating that my dreams *generally* are any

more than "*floating ideas.*" It may be aſked how we are to diſtinguiſh between the "rovings of an idle fancy" and "divine monitions?" in anſwering this quere, I would appeal to every perſon's experience, whether their dreams have not ſometimes made a deep impreſſion on their minds, and excited ſenſations they could not readily ſtifle? If that be the caſe let them attend to thoſe feelings produced in conſequence of ſuch dreams, for they are worthy at leaſt of a ſerious conſideration.

LOGICUS.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Beneath the Roſe, that mild appears,
The envenom'd thorn we find,
And oft the form that Beauty wears,
Conceals a canker'd mind.

The nympth, poſſeſs'd of Beauty's charms
The praiſe of Fame may ſhare;
But ſhe, whom love of virtue warms,
Is ſtill the loveliest fair.

While that attends the flattering glaſs,
To deck her beauteous face;
This as the fleeting moments paſs,
Improves each mental grace.

Accept the hint, ye lovely fair
Nor Friendſhip's voice deſpiſe,
For ſoon will Time's rude hand impair
The bauble that ye prize.

JUVENILE.

For the Evening Fire-side.

CHARITY.

"All mankind's concern is charity".

POPE.

Whatever may promote the general exerciſe of this *rare* virtue, will I am perſuaded have a tendency to increaſe the happineſs of man. By charity I would be underſtood to mean that forbearance of cenſure which the variety of conflicting opinions prevalent in the world is ſo well calculated to inſpire. When we ſurvey the different regions of the globe, and compare the opinions of men as they reſpect either politicks or religion, we are immediately ſtruck with their diſparity, and prompted to inquire the cauſe. That there is a cauſe, no one I preſume will pretend to deny. I will briefly endeavour to point it out. It ſhall here be taken for granted that our knowledge governs our opinion: for "from what can we reaſon but from what we know." Our opinion therefore cannot be correct while our knowledge is incorrect; if my poſition be a true one. Further, *circumſtances* and *ſituation* muſt govern our knowledge. Now as it is evidently impoſſible that we ſhould all be placed exactly in the ſame circumſtance or ſituation, ſo it is impoſſible that we ſhould all entertain the ſame opinions on a great variety of ſubjects. This conſideration ſhould therefore repreſs cenſure and induce us to judge charitably of the actions and opinions of one another; and not to impute to obſtinacy or wilful blindneſs, that difference in our ſentiments which perhaps entirely reſults from the diſſimmilar data from which they are derived.

DELTA.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Lo! on the literary ſtage,
Sir CALEB, hiſſing hot with rage,
Though with his former efforts hoarſe,
Eſſays once more in ſtaggering verſe;
Of dullneſs ſhows the "vain pretence,"
Of nonſenſe ſpouts with eloquence;
And as *precept* to recommend it,
Should have *example* to attend it;
The tenor of his whole oration,
Is one continued illuſtration.

My friend thy fury quite diſarms thee,
And neither hurts nor much alarms me;
Thy vain chagrin will only ſhow,
That thou haſt felt my random blow;
Than which, thou would'ſt have done much better
If thou had ſtudied human nature,
Which takes delight in giving pain,
Which hates to ſtrike, and ſtrike in vain.
But as my ſoul abhors ſuch vi'lence,
I'll treat thee with contemptuous ſilence;
And ſay no more about thy folly,
For fear of ſomething melancholy.

TANTERABOGUS.

April 22, 1806.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

By the influence of hope and fear upon the human mind, our actions are made to conform to the various circumſtances and occurrences in life. The action of theſe two paſſions when nearly equal is a ſource from whence ariſe our greateſt rational enjoyments. It is then we are tremblingly alive to our beſts intereſts—neither too much elated by the anticipation of promiſed good, nor depreſſed beyond meaſure, with the apprehenſion of an approaching evil—but ſenſibly feeling a ſecret emotion at the pleaſing proſpect of obtaining ſome deſirable object; yet from a conviction of the uncertainty of human affairs, the mind is prevented from exceeding its due bounds, and preſerved in a proper medium. Thus the Chriſtian when convinced of the ſalutary doctrines of the Goſpel, and relying with unlimited confidence in the glorious promiſes contained in the inſpired writings, feels a comforting aſſurance, that in all the trials and diſappointments incident to a ſtate of probation, "help is laid upon one that is mighty," who is ready to give him admittance into a ſtate of unſpeakable happineſs, where no ſtorm ſhall diſturb his repoſe, no heterogeneous paſſions interrupt his felicity. Here is the exerciſe of hope which points to the enjoyment of happineſs in a future ſtate as infinitely ſuperior to every other attainment: and here the influence of fear, operating upon the mind, induces that circumſpection, that diffidence and humility, which is always the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a pious man. Fear of incurring the diſpleaſure of a beneficent Creator, forms a check to his conduct, and keeps him within the bounds of reaſon and morality; whilſt the hope of a future reward inſpires him with boldneſs and reſolution to preſs forward amidſt all the viciſſitudes of fortune, with firmneſs and perſeverance in the paths of virtue, which no obſtruction can hinder nor difficulty deter. Love is alſo a powerful agent in governments, whether it be applied in a national capacity or reſtricted to the application of families, and individuals: It is poſſible perhaps by the influence of this paſſion to produce greater and more powerful effects, and to exerciſe a more permanent and laſting controul over the human heart than by any other: *Love* cannot long exiſt without *fear*, neither can *fear* without *hope*; for if we are certain we have nothing to fear from the object of our affections, no dread of ſinking in their eſteem, we grow ſupine and careleſs, and the paſſion of *love* grows cool. And *fear* without *hope* becomes deſperation and deſpair! It is not my intention to enter into a lengthy delineation of theſe paſſion s; but itappes to me to be a matter of primary importance to parents and thoſe who are concerned in the government of others, to diſtinguiſh the various influence they have upon the heart and mind, in order to apply rewards and puniſhments with a judicious hand. To have the mind in a proper mean between the ſedative paſſions and thoſe which tend to elevate it beyond the remembrance of itſelf conſtitute the ſphere of rational enjoyment.

PHILETUS.

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

THE WANDERER.

The riſing gales the canvass gently ſwelling,
Unwelcome blow from yonder ſea-beat ſtrand;
And ſwiftly o'er the waves the bark impelling,
Now wafts me far from thee my native land.

hy pleasant shores fast from my sight receding,
Are lost at length in the surrounding gloom;
ut still thy lofty hills the clouds impeding
Remind me of my dear paternal home.

h! how my bosom heaves the sigh of anguish,
While fancy on each lov'd connection dwells;
ow does my soul for former pleasures languish,
As in my heart their fond remembrance swells.

ut I no more these peaceful scenes reviewing,
Shall haunt the grot, the grove, or tranquil bower;
o more each well-known, lonely path pursuing
By moon-light walk, while silence rules the hour.

o more beneath the weeping willow seated,
Shall listen to the plaintive whip-poor-will,
hose mournful ditty from the rocks repeated,
Bade o'er my soul soft melancholy steal:

o more shall see the moon-beams tumbling motion,
As on the silver stream it gently plays;
here, while I felt of love the soft emotion,
I sat and mus'd of future blissful days.

o more the rural seat with jes'mine twining,
Shall I frequent as in the days of youth;
here oft Matilda on my arm reclining,
I paid to love the sacred vows of truth.

ethinks I see her eyes of lucid aznre
While hand in hand we ramble thro' the grove,
am with the softest ray of modest pleasure,
As in her ear I breathe the sighs of love.

these blest hours "in rapture still improving"
I backward cast a look of vain regret;
d thinking still I hear her accents soothing
Recall the scene, the spot, where last we met.

thou fair orb with placid lustre beaming,
Are my Matilda's eyes now fix'd on thee?
—while they are with silent anguish streaming,
Does fancy waft one tender thought to me?

erhaps in dreams the dangers of the ocean
Present themselves to her affrighted view,
e tempest's rage, the billows' wild commotion,
Which oft oe'rwhelm the hope-deserted crew.

w all around the fields of ocean spreading,
Each lofty clift no more my eyes can see;
ewell ye tranquil scenes of peace unfading,
Dear native land a long farewel to thee.

ALPIN.

April 21, 1806.

The following piece was sent to us ough the medium of the letter box, as original production. But upon enter- into the merits of it, we have discov- d that the question therein proposed is n nearly verbatim from an old London gazine published about half a century : yet as the writer appears to have layed some ingenuity in his manner of oducing it, preceeded by observation of own, which may not be unintereſting ur readers; we conclude to give it a e in our paper, hoping that some of our respondents will condescend to favour us with *a suitable answer*. We have nevertheless taken the liberty of marking the part *borrowed* as mentioned above with inverted commas.]

For the Evening Fire-side.

Messrs. Editors,

The science of mathematics and natural philosophy have been the favourite pursuit of men of talents in all ages of the world. The pleasure derived from the study of nature, and the various branches of mathematical science has been such as almost wholly to absorb the intellectual faculties of men of the most eminent abilities. The mind of man naturally loves truth; and is most pleased in its researches with that with appears to convey the greatest certainty, and exhibits the most consistency in its parts. Hence the partiality of those who have applied themselves to mathematical inquiries, to the investigation of such branches of science, as are founded upon certain demonstrable principles. ARCHIMEDES who, by his knowledge of the mathematical arts, had harrassed the Romans, when besieging the city of Syracuse, by the curious machines which he constructed to annoy them, was at length stabbed by a Roman soldier for refusing to leave a mathematical problem until he had solved it to his own satisfaction. Such was his love for truth and his solicitude to ascertain a knowledge of a position which he conceived to be deducible from rational principles, that he suffered death rather than stop short of the attainment of that knowledge.

But there are some things, which are demonstrable upon strict mathematical principles, which appear to me *enigmatical*: such as a curve line approaching nearer to a right one to infinity, without the possibility of ever touching it. The *infinite devisibility* of matter, the doctrines of infinite series, from whence is deduced the possibility of filling a space of any proposed magnitude, for instance, the size of the earth's orbit, with any proposed quantity of solid matter, as an inch square of gold, in which there shall be no perceptible vacuity. As I cannot reconcile such *enigmatical demonstrations* with *fact*, I shall beg leave to subjoin the following "physico-mathematical problem," which is in my humble opinion, demonstrable, and leave it to be reconciled by those of your learned correspondence, who may be more *deeply* versed in mathematical science and philosophy than myself.

"Suppose a goose and frog should agree to run a race; and the goose knowing herself be swifter on foot than the frog, gives him ten miles start. Now the goose is supposed to run ten miles an hour, and the frog one. Quere, how far will the goose run before she overtakes the frog?"

I will venture to assert it demonstrable that "the goose will never overtake the frog, though she will for ever continue to gain on him in the ratio of ten to one; which I prove thus. While the goose is running the first ten miles the frog will run one; and while she is running this one he will run one tenth; and while she runs this tenth, the frog will run one-hundreth, and so *ad-infinitum*.

Now, if any of your "sage readers" can shew wherein the above demonstration is not strictly consistant with pure mathematical reasoning, the same kind of reasoning used by many a profound philosopher, reasoning which evidently contradicts known *fact*, he may, perhaps, do an essential service by detecting the fallacy, and shewing the inconsistency of the principle, and by communicating the same through the medium of your useful paper.

ANTI-PHISICO-MATHEMATICUS.

April 22. 1806

For the Evening Fire-side.

M. Beaufoy, in his travels through Holland, mentions his dining with Count Bentick, the first nobleman in the united provinces. He says "the Count's style of living is princely; his person genteel even in advanced life; his manners polished, and his conversation that of a well informed gentleman. He does the honours of his own table, being a widower, with politeness and affability; a decent, silent pause, before he entered upon it, supplied the place of a chaplain: even chaplains themselves, at his table, conform to it. Sir Joseph Yorke can bear testimony to what I say.—This, of all others, is the most decent way of commemorating the blessings of a well furnished table. Addresses to the Supreme Being, uttered with precipitation, are inconsistent with the nature of a solemn invocation, and bespeak rather an importunate appetite than a devout mind."

U.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

On Blindness, and the surprising faculty of blind persons. From the Encyclopædia Londinensis.

There is not, perhaps, any sense or faculty of the corporeal frame, which af-

fords ſo many reſources of utility and entertainment as the power of viſion; or is there any loſs or privation which can be productive of calamities ſo multiform or bitter as the want of ſight. By no avenue of corporeal perception is knowledge in her full extent, and in all her forms, ſo acceſſible to the rational and inquiring mind, as by the glorious and delightful medium of light. For this not only reveals external things in all their beauties, but gives body, form, and colour, to intellectual ideas; ſo that the whole material and intelligent creation lie in open proſpect, and the majeſtic frame of nature, in its whole extent, is, if we may ſo ſpeak, perceived at a ſingle glance. To the blind, on the contrary, the viſible univerſe is totally annihilated. He is conſcious of no ſpace but that in which he ſtands, or to which his extremities can reach. Sound, indeed, gives him ſome ideas of diſtant objects; but thoſe ideas are extremely obſcure and indiſtinct. They are obſcure, becauſe they conſiſt alone of the objects whoſe oſcillations vibrate on his ear, and do not neceſſarily ſuppoſe any other bodies with which the intermediate ſpace may be occupied, except that which gives the ſound alone. They are indiſtinct, becauſe ſounds themſelves are frequently ambignous, and do not uniformly and excluſively indicate their real cauſes.

Dependent for every thing, but mere ſubſiſtence, on the good offices of others; obnoxious to injury from every point, which they are neither capacitated to perceive, nor qualified to reſiſt; they are, during the preſent ſtate of being, rather priſoners at large, than citizens of nature.—The ſedentary life, to which, by privation of ſight, they are deſtined, relaxes their frame, and ſubjects them to the whole tribe of diſagreeable ſenſations which ariſe from dejection of ſpirits. Hence the moſt feeble exertions create laſſitude and uneaſineſs. Hence the native tone of the nervous ſyſtem, which alone is compatible with health and pleaſure, being deſtroyed by inactivity, exaſperates and embitters every common difficulty in life. Natural evils, however, are always ſupportable; they not only ariſe from undeſigning cauſes, but are either mild in their attacks, or ſhort in their duration: it is the miſeries which are inflicted by conſcious and reflecting agents alone, that can deſerve the name of evils. Theſe excruciate the ſoul with ineffable poignancy, as expreſſive of indifference or malignity in thoſe by whom ſuch bitter portions are cruelly adminiſtered. The negligence or wantonneſs, therefore, with which the blind are too frequently treated, is an enormity which God alone has benevolence to feel, or juſtice to puniſh.

Thus dependent on every creature, and paſſive to every accident on earth, can the uncharitable world be ſurpriſed to obſerve moments when the *blind* are at variance with themſelves and every thing elſe around them? With the ſame inſtincts of ſelf-preſervation, the ſame irraſcible paſſions which are common to the ſpecies, and exaſperated by a ſenſe of inability either for retaliation or defence; can the blind be real objects of reſentment or contempt, even when they ſeem peeviſh or vindictive? This, however, is not always their characters. Their behaviour is often highly expreſſive, not only of reſignation, but even of cheerfulneſs; and though they are often coldly, and even inhumanly, treated by men, yet are they rarely, if ever, forſaken of heaven. The common Parent of nature, whoſe benignity is permanent as his exiſtence, and boundleſs as his empire, has neither left his afflicted creatures without conſolation or reſource. Even from their loſs, however oppreſſive and irretrievable, they derive advantages; not, indeed, adequate to recompenſe, but, in ſome degree, ſufficient to alleviate, their miſery. The attention of the ſoul, confined to theſe avenues of perception which ſhe can command, is neither diſſipated nor confounded by the immenſe multiplicity, nor the rapid ſucceſſion, of ſurrounding objects. Hence her contemplations are more uniformly fixed upon herſelf, and the revolutions of her own internal frame. Hence her perceptions of ſuch external things as are contiguous and obvious to her obſervation, become more lively and exquiſite. Hence even her inſtruments of corporeal ſenſation are more aſſiduouſly cultivated and improved, ſo that from them ſhe derives ſuch notices and preſages of approaching pleaſure or impending danger, as entirely eſcape the attention of thoſe who depend for ſecurity on the reports of their eyes. A blind man, when walking ſwiftly, or running, is kindly and effectually checked by nature from rudely encountering ſuch hard and extended objects as might hurt or bruiſe him. When he approaches bodies of this kind, he feels the atmoſphere more ſenſibly reſiſt his progreſs; and, in proportion as his motion is accelerated, or his diſtance from the object diminiſhed, the reſiſtance is increaſed. He diſtinguiſhes the approach of his friend from far by the ſound of his ſteps, by his manner of breathing, and almoſt by ev audible token which he can exhibit. P pared for the dangers which he may enco ter from the ſurface of the ground on wh he walks, his ſtep is habitually firm cautious. Hence he not only avoids th falls which might be occaſioned by its formidable inequalities, but, from its neral bias, he collects ſome ideas how his ſafety is immediately concerned; though theſe conjectures may be ſometi fallacious, yet they are generally ſo t as to preſerve him from ſuch accidents are not incurred by his own temerity. rapid torrent, and the deep caſcade, not ly warn him to keep a proper diſtance, inform him in what direction he moves, are a kind of audible ſynoſures to reg his courſe. In places to which he has accuſtomed, he as it were recognizes latitude and longitude from every breath varied fragrance that tinges the gale, f every aſcent or declivity in the road, f every natural or artificial ſound that ſt his ear; if theſe indications be ſtation and confined to particular places. R lated by theſe ſigns, the *blind* have only been known to perform long jour themſelves, but to conduct others thro dangerous paths at the dark and ſilent h of midnight, with the utmoſt ſecurity exactneſs. We are told by Caſaubon Leo Africanus, of a very extraordi blind guide, who uſed to conduct the chants through the ſands and deſerts of bia; and in our own country we have ry remarkable inſtance of a blind gui John Metcalf, of Mancheſter, who lately followed the occupation of con ing ſtrangers through intricate roads d the night, or when the tracks were co with ſnow. And, ſtrange as this ma pear to thoſe who can ſee, the employ of this man was afterwards that of a jector and ſurveyor of highways in dif and mountainous parts. With the aſſiſt of a long ſtaff, he has been ſeveral t ſeen traverſing the roads, aſcending p pices, exploring valleys, and inveſtig their ſeveral extents, forms, and ſituat ſo as to anſwer his deſigns in the beſt ner. Moſt of the roads over the pe Derbyſhire have been altered by his d tions; particularly thoſe in the vicini Buxton: and he has ſince conſtruct new one betwixt Wilmſlow and Congl with a view to open a communication t great London road without being ob to paſs over the mountains.

(To be Continued.)

Biography of Robert Barclay.

He was the ſon of Col. David Barclay f Methers, and Mrs. Catharine Gordon, aughter of Sir William Gordon, from the oble houſe of Huntley. He was born at dinburgh 1648; his father ſent him in his outh to Paris, where his brother was at hat time principal of the Scots college, ho, taking advantage of the tender age f his nephew Robert, drew him over to e Romiſh religion. His father being in- rmed of this, ſent for him home in 1664, 16 years of age. He had a competent nowledge of the ſciences, underſtood the rench and Latin languages perfectly, the tter he wrote and ſpoke with great facili- and correctneſs, and afterwards attained reek and Hebrew. Col. Barclay, his ther, embraced the opinions of the qua- rs in 1666; he was a man venerable in s appearance, juſt in all his actions, and ewed his courage in the wars in Ger- any, and his fortitude in bearing with all e hard uſage he met with in Scotland, with heerfulneſs as well as patience. The ac- uiſition of ſo conſiderable and reſpected a erſon, was of no ſmall uſe to thoſe of his erſuaſion, as appeared plainly by the daily ditions to their ſect in the neighbourhood Aberdeen. Robert Barclay joined him- f to the quakers when he was 18 years age, and ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf by s zeal in their cauſe. His firſt treatiſe in fence of the principles he profeſſed, ap- ared at Aberdeen, 1670; and, as occa- on required, he ſupported what he had livered, by his ſubſequent writings, which iſed their credit ſo, that the quakers were tter treated by the government than be- re. In 1675 he publiſhed a regular diſ- urſe, in order to explain and defend the ſtem of the people called quakers. He as very ſenſible, that ſuch as diſliked thoſe his profeſſion, often took occaſion to nfound them with another kind of peo- e, who held indeed ſome of the tenets the quakers, but were in other reſpects a very contrary ſpirit: to remove this ndal effectually, and to manifeſt the dif- ence between thoſe of his perſuaſion, d this ſect, who were ſtyled ranters, he ote a treatiſe, to diſplay the conſequence ſuperſtition on one hand, and fanaticiſm the other; and to clear the quakers from th. As ſoon as his work, entitled *An ology for the true Chriſtian Divinity, as the e is held forth and preached by the people, led, in ſcorn, quakers*, was finiſhed, he ſent o copies of it to each of the public mi- ters then at the famous congreſs of Ni- meguen. In 1676 it was printed in Latin, at Amſterdam; and two years after he publiſhed an Engliſh tranſlation of it, in order to render the principles of the quakers more generally known. It was quickly tranſlated into ſeveral of the modern lan- guages. This performance, as might be expected, did not remain unattacked, and was defended by our author, who thereby maintained the credit he had gained, and was of great ſervice to thoſe of that per- ſuaſion all over Europe. He travelled with the famous Mr. William Penn, through the greateſt part of England, Holland, and Germany; was every where received with reſpect; for though his converſation as well as his manners were ſtrictly ſuitable to his doctrine, yet there was ſuch a ſpirit and livelineſs in his diſcourſe, and ſuch a ſerenity and cheerfulneſs in his deportment, as ren- dered him extremely agreeable to all ſorts of people. The great buſineſs of his life was doing good, promoting what he thought to be the knowledge of God, and conſe- quently the happineſs of man. He had a large family, with whom he lived the latter part of his life in quiet and peace, upon his own fortune, which was conſiderable, and died October 3, 1690, in the 41ſt year of his age, of a ſhort ſickneſs, and in which he teſtified the greateſt calmneſs and ſerenity of mind, grounded on a thorough confidence in God.

The following account of an extraordi- nary darkneſs which occurred on the coaſt of Newfoundland, we do not recollect to have ſeen in any American publication.— It is extracted from a late London Maga- zine.

"On my paſſage to this place (Miramichi,) an extraordinary circumſtance occur- red, which I believe muſt have been ſeen in ſome parts of Newfoundland, though the people here ſaw nothing of it. I was, on Sunday, the 17th of June, 1805, about two leagues to the ſouthward of the Iſland of St. Peter; at day break it was dark and gloomy, the ſun roſe like a ball of fire, and diſappeared in an inſtant, obſcured in thick, dark, red and yellow clouds; and at 8 o'clock, I could ſcarcely ſee to get my break- faſt without a light; at intervals it lighted up a little, and continued ſo till eleven o'clock, when it became totally dark, ſo much ſo, that I put my head down to the binnacle and could no more ſee the com- paſs, than I could at twelve o'clock in a very dark night, without a light: my cook was obliged to get a light to ſee if his cop- per boiled. The fire burned pale, or ra- ther of a purple caſt. It continued totally dark for about twenty minutes, when it cleared away, firſt to the northward. The Iſland of St. Peter looked juſt as the land does in the night when the moon emerges from a thick black cloud, which hangs over the land, and a yard or two of clear ſky (to appearance) between the land and clouds, and all round the horizon beſides as dark as pitch. The clouds all the day were of a blood red and yellow colour; no rain, and but little wind from the north-north- weſt. My people were all frightened—it was a grand, but awful ſight."

H. Bristowe.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

London, Feb. 24.—The American ſhip, Riſing Sun, captain Nantes, arrived at Do- ver from Amſterdam, brings the important intelligence, that on Tueſday laſt when that ſhip left Holland, there was ſeven ſail of the line of Dutch men of war in the Nieu Diep, ready for ſea at a moment's warning. The tranſports which were lately laid up, are al- ſo refitting at Amſterdam with all poſſible expedition, and they are ordered to proceed to the Helder to take on board troops; the deſtination of this armament is kept a pro- found ſecret for the preſent.

Government have received advice that the French Emperor has iſſued an inſtrument, un- der his ſign manuel, dated from his palace at St. Cloud, by which he has formally de- poſed the king of Naples, in nearly the fol- lowing terms:

"We, Nepoleon, by the grace of God, emperor of the French and king of Italy, &c. &c. for divers weighty and ſufficient cauſes, ourſelves thereunto ſpecially moving, do hereby and henceforth, ſolemnly depoſe from the throne or other ſovereign authori- ties of his anceſtors, Ferdinand, the king of the two Sicilies, and from all of which princely titles and dignities he is by virtue of his inſtrument and our imperial will and mandate, and pleaſure, forever removed and depoſed accordingly. Given under our hand and Imperial Signet, &c.

The Hamburg mail which was due yeſter- day arrived this morning. The courts of St. Peterſburg and Conſtantinople have not been ſlow in ſeeing the danger with which they were threatened by the engagement of Nepo- leon to furniſh to the Emperor of Auſtria an indemnity in the Eaſt, for the poſſeſſions of which he deprived him in Germany. They have renewed, for nine years to come, the treaty between them, which was on the point of expiring.

If we may judge from the precautions adopted by Alexander, he ſeems apprehenſive that an attack may be made even upon his own territories. Redoubts are caſting up at Warſaw, and other arrangements ordered to guard againſt any attempt of this kind.

The French and Bavarian army in the neighbourhood of Frankfort has been conſiderably augmented to enforce the payment of the contribution laid on that city. The inhabitants have a faint hope held out to them, that if they ſpeedily pay one half the ſum demanded, the other will be remitted.

The French ſtill continue in force in Germany—and will till more of the ſchemes in the contemplation of Bonaparte are executed.

Prince Joſeph Bonaparte arrived at Rome on the 23d ult.—Maſſena's army is in full march againſt the kingdom of Naples. His progreſs will receive no oppoſition.

Report of the Medical Council.

The Medical Council of the Royal Jennerial ſociety, having been informed that various caſes had occurred, which excited prejudices againſt vaccine inoculation, and tended to check the progreſs of that important diſcovery in the kingdom, appointed a committee of twenty five of their members to inquire, not only into the nature and truth of ſuch caſes, but alſo into the evidence reſpecting inſtances of ſmall-pox, alledged to have occurred twice in the ſame perſon.

In conſequence of this reference, the committee made diligent inquiry into the hiſtory of a number of caſes, in which it was ſuppoſed that vaccination had failed to prevent the ſmall-pox, and alſo of ſuch caſes of ſmall-pox, as were ſtated to have happened ſubſequently to the natural or inculcated ſmall-pox.

In the courſe of their examination the committee learned, that opinions and aſſertions had been advanced and circulated, which charged the cow-pox with rendering patients liable to particular diſeaſes, frightful in their appearance, and hitherto unknown, and judging ſuch opinions to be connected with the queſtion as to the efficacy of the practice, they thought it incumbent upon them to examine alſo into the validity of theſe injurious ſtatements reſpecting vaccination.

After a very minute inveſtigation of theſe ſubjects, the reſult of their inquiries has been ſubmitted to the medical council; and from the report of the committee it appears:

That moſt of the caſes, which have been brought forward as inſtances of the failure of vaccination to prevent the ſmall-pox, and which have been the ſubjects of public attention and converſation, are either wholly unfounded or groſsly miſrepreſented.

That ſome of the caſes are now allowed, by the very perſons who firſt related them, to have been erroneouſly ſtated.

That although it is difficult to determine preciſely the number of exceptions to the practice, the medical council are fully convinced that the failure of vaccination, as a preventive of the ſmall-pox, is a very rare occurrence.

That of the immence number who have been vaccinated in the army and navy, in different parts of the United Kingdom, and in every quarter of the globe, ſcarcely any inſtances of ſuch failure have been reported to the committee, but thoſe which are said to have occurred in the metropolis, or its vicinity.

That the medical council are fully aſſured, that in many places, in which the ſmall-pox raged with great violence, the diſeaſe has been ſpeedily and effectually arreſted in its progreſs, and in ſome populous cities wholly exterminated, by the practice of vaccination.

That the practice of inoculation for the ſmall pox, on its firſt introduction into this country, was oppoſed and very much retarded, in conſequence of miſrepreſentations and arguments drawn from aſſumed facts, and of miſcarriages ariſing from the want of correct information, ſimilar to those now brought forward againſt vaccination, ſo that nearly fifty years elapſed before ſmall-pox inoculation was fully eſtabliſhed.

That, by a reference on the bills of mortality, it will appear that, to the unfortunate neglect of vaccination, and to the prejudices raiſed againſt it we may in a great meaſure, attribute the loſs of nearly two thouſand lives by the ſmall-pox, in this metropolis alone, within the preſent year.

That the few inſtances of failure, either in the inoculation of the cow-pox, or of the ſmall pox, ought not to be conſidered as objections to either practice, but merely as deviations from the ordinary courſe of nature.

That if a compariſon be made between the preſervative effects of vaccination and thoſe of inoculation for the ſmall pox, it would be neceſſary to take into account the greateſt number of perſons who have been vaccinated within a given time: as it is probable that, within the laſt ſeven years, nearly as many perſons have been inoculated for the cow-pox, as were ever inoculated for the ſmall-pox, ſince the practice was introduced into this kingdom.

Brest Fleet.—One of our laſt London papers obſerved, that "a letter from an officer off Cadiz ſays, that they received information of fourteen ſail having eſcaped from Breſt, and that the ſquadron under lord Collingwood were looking out for them." It is highly probable that all the fourteen have been captured. The five ſail taken and deſtroyed by admiral Duckworth off St. Domingo, it may be ſuppoſed, were a detachment of this fleet: and the remaining nine, we think have alſo been captured, as captain Voſe, from London, informs, that on the 7th of March, in lat. 49. long. 12. he ſpoke a Britiſh frigate, then out two days from Plymouth, by whom he was aſſured that the Britiſh had captured a fleet from Breſt, conſiſting of nine ſail of the line; and that captain of the frigate received this account from the cutter which had been diſpatched with the intelligence, and which arrived at Plymouth as he was taking his departure.

(N. Y. Daily Advertiſer.

DOMESTIC.

Extract of a letter from Cumberland, New Jerſey, dated 16th inſt.

"Within the laſt four weeks great mortality has prevailed in Greenwich in this county, and altogether with adults. The complaint, an inflammation of the brain.—Seven of the victims were heads of families, among them, Moſes Shephard, Jun. merchant. One family has ſuffered ſeverely; John, Mark and Leten Ware, brothers, died the ſame week and two of them within an hour of each other; alſo at Ridgetown of a violent cold after two weeks illneſs, Mrs. Elizabeth Lummis, wife of Daniel Lummis, and only daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Robert Smith of Pequea.

Appointments by the Governor.

Thomas Sergeant, eſquire, clerk of the mayor's court of the city of Philadelphia, in the place of William Sergeant, eſquire, reſigned.

Frederick Foering, eſquire, brigade inſpector of the 2d brigade, 1ſt diviſion, Pennſylvania militia, in the room of Frederick Wolbert, eſquire, removed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is with reluctance, we conſign to oblivion the production of Euchicus; which is not deficient in point of ſtyle, but his arguments are too feeble, and his reaſoning is not ſufficiently *cogent* either to pleaſe or convince readers of taſte and judgement.

Eudocia is unavoidably delayed until next week, when it is deſigned to *introduce* her to the fair readers of the Evening Fire Side.

S. M's. communication is intended for the next number.

Clio came to hand after the arrangements for the preſent week were complete:

Several intereſting communications have been received, which though not particularly noticed are nevertheleſs reſerved upon the liſt for publication.